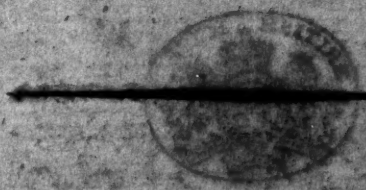
THE

English Tavern at Berlin,

A

COMEDY.



[Price ONE SHILLING and SIX PENCE.]

THE

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A

COMEDY.

BRITISH MUSEUM

[Price One Shilling and Six Pence.]

K. Berlin - English Tavern at

THE

ENGLISH TAVERN

AT BERLIN.

A

COMEDY,

IN

THREE ACTS.

LONDON:

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BRITISH MUSEUM

DEDICATION.

THOUGH Patterns of Generoſity and Diſintereſt, may, perhaps, with equal Propriety be inſcribed to moſt Men acting in a public Character in this Country, however, as the World runs, ſuch Virtues are generally leſs conſpicuous among Perſons in Poſſeſſion of Power than among thoſe who aſpire to deſerve ſuch a Truſt. I therefore think, the preſent Eſſay will be more favorably received by the latter than by the former: yet I ſhould never have made the preſent Dedication, if I was in any Connection that could admit a Poſſibility of other Motives than the higheſt Eſteem.

CHARACTERS.

MEN.

Frederick II. King of Pruſſia.

Mr. Conrade, *a Landlord.*

Mr. Lambert, * *Stable-Page to the King.*

Baron Amſdorff, *Cham-ber Page.*

Frank,
Gaſcon,
Maſter,
} Waiters at the Tavern.

A Page.

WOMEN.

Mrs. Conrade, *Mr. Conrade's Wife.*

Mrs. Lambert, *Mother to Mr. Lambert.*

Miſs Jenny, *her daughter.*

SCENE——BERLIN.

* Should be a young woman; becauſe it is difficult to find a boy capable of acting in this part.

THE ENGLISH TAVERN AT BERLIN,

A COMEDY.

ACT I.

The Stage repreſents a Drawing Room in a private houſe.

MR. CONRADE, *in a Night-gown of ſome old-faſhioned Silk*; MRS. CONRADE *in a Morning Dreſs.*

MR. CONRADE.

WHY, my dear, you have ſlept pretty well the firſt night in your new houſe, I think?

MRS. CONRADE.

Exceeding well. I did not hear when you got up. But, my dear Mr. Conrade, you ſhould take a little more repoſe, I think, and not riſe ſo early.

MR.

MR. CONRADE.

And ſo I will, my dear; but to-day I have had a great deal of buſineſs. I am anxious to have every thing in its place, and ready for the new ſervants; for the ſame order they now find in the houſe, they ſhall be obliged to maintain afterwards.

MRS. CONRADE.

So then you are taking new ſervants, Mr. Conrade?

MR. CONRADE.

Yes, my dear. As the houſe is fitted up to receive ſtrangers of quality, it will be neceſſary to have ſome uſhers who can underſtand their language, and ſpeak with them. Accordingly I have engaged an Engliſhman and a Frenchman of good characters, both having ſerved in the houſes of their reſpective Ambaſſadors here in Berlin; I have alſo taken a German, a very honeſt-looking fellow, for to attend on the Saxon travellers, with whom our city abounds.

MRS. CONRADE.

But I believe very few will find the way to this houſe; it never was a tavern before.

MR. CONRADE.

Therefore it ſhall be put into all the gazettes of Europe, that travellers of the firſt rank are received and properly accommodated by Mr. Conrade, at the ——, at the ——. Can't you help me to find out a name, my dear? your ſex is always of an inventive genius.

MRS.

MRS. CONRADE.

I thank you for the compliment. If it be agreeable to you, Sir, I ſhall make my beſt to deſerve it.

MR. CONRADE.

Only in this inſtance, Madam.

MRS. CONRADE.

Don't you like to call it plainly the new tavern, Sir?

MR. CONRADE.

That's too common, my dear; that I could have found out myſelf, I hope. No, it muſt be ſomething particular, that ſtrikes the attention—ſomething beyond the common ideas of men; as—let me ſee—as—yes, The four Lions, I think; that will be ſomething extraordinary, my dear. No ſovereign, you know, ever had more than three in his coat of arms. Yes, the Hotel of the four Lions.

MRS. CONRADE.

A very pompous name to be ſure. But don't you think people will be frightened by ſo many beaſts of prey, at the ſign of an inn? I ſhould rather chuſe a name that is now very attractive to ſtrangers; as it comprehends cleanlineſs, good entertainment, and honeſt dealing.

MR. CONRADE.

Yes, ſuch a name will do.

MRS. CONRADE.

Then you may call it The Engliſh Hotel.

MR. CONRADE.

[*Embracing her.*

Thank you, my deareſt life, thank you. That ſhall be the name. I wonder I did not think on that before. Yes, you ſhall be the miſtreſs of the Engliſh Hotel, and I'll inſure to you the property of the houſe, in the caſe of your being a widow.

MRS. CONRADE.

Don't mention that, Mr. Conrade; you'll make me quite uneaſy. But, pray, I never thought you was ſo rich a man, that you could purchaſe ſuch a great houſe, and ſo elegantly furniſhed. Why did you conceal that from me?

MR. CONRADE.

Becauſe I choſe to have a wife who I was ſure married my perſon, and not my money.

MRS. CONRADE.

But ſince our wedding, my dear?

MR. CONRADE.

Oh! many a young perſon changes after wedding, and the ſoft, humble girl makes a harſh, imperious wife. But you, my dear, you have ſuſtained the proof.

MRS. CONRADE.

I am glad, Sir, that I have been ſo happy as to anſwer your wiſhes.

MR. CONRADE.

Yes, my deareſt life. You have fully anſwered my wiſhes, as to your ſentiments and behaviour; but

but yet, there is ſomething—we have been married above a year—and it is one wiſh of mine you have not fulfilled.

MRS. CONRADE.

Is it by my fault, Sir? [*Ingeniouſly.*

MR. CONRADE.

I can't ſay that neither.—But here are my new ſervants.

Enter the three Servants.

MR. CONRADE.

Welcome; very welcome; welcome. Here I'll preſent you to your Miſtreſs.—That, my dear, is Mr. Gaſcon.

GASCON.

[*With the manners of a coxcomb.*

Yes, Madame, for to ſerve you, Madame, with all the warmth and activity, Madame, as may be expected from any gentleman of my parts, Madame. I criſp the ladies hairs perfectly well.—I alſo accommodate the heads of the gentlemen, Sir.

MR. CONRADE.

Very well, Mr. Gaſcon; but as to ourſelves, we ſhan't give you the trouble of any perſonal attendance. Your buſineſs will be with the lodgers of your nation.

GASCON.

As you command, Sir. But in taking well my time, I always ſhall find a moment for the ſervice of Madame.

MR. CONRADE.

Here is Mr. Frank, my dear.

FRANK.

I'll ſay nothing of myſelf, Madam.—My conduct ſhall be my only recommendation, Sir. If I am ſatisfied with you, Sir, you ſhall be ſatisfied with me; there's my hand, Sir.

MR. CONRADE.

[*To the third.*

Your name is Maſter,* I believe.

MASTER.

[*With meaſured words and conſtrained manners, his neck ſtiff, and his arms cloſe to his body.*]

Yes, Sir. Though I do call myſelf maſter, Madam, yet you ſhall ever find me a moſt dutiful ſervant. But I fear I ſhan't like my companions; the Engliſh are wont to command every where, and the French are ſo fond of amuſement, that I preſume the moſt part of the buſineſs is to be upon my hands.

MR. CONRADE.

Don't fear. I'll take care you ſhall have your ſeparate employments. Come, I'll ſhew you the houſe, and the apartments every one of you is to anſwer for—and then I'll dreſs, my dear, for to receive gentlemen who may ſtep in; I won't give you that trouble, my dear. At breakfaſt you ſhall favour me with the new ſong I brought you yeſterday, and accompany it on your guitar; won't you, my dear?

* A name very common in Germany.

MRS.

MRS. CONRADE.

If that will give you pleaſure, Sir.

MR. CONRADE.

I ſhall be very much obliged to you, my dear.

[*Exit.*

MRS. CONRADE.

Then I muſt take this moment to exerciſe it a little, as there may be ſome difficulties in the muſic.

[*She takes a paper of muſic from the table, and looks over it.*]

No; tis very eaſy.

[*Takes the guittar from the table and ſings.*]

Dear idol of my longing eyes!
When far from bliſs and far from thee,
Lamenting tunes and lingering ſighs
Is all the comfort left to me,

Oh! that thoſe tender ſighs had wings,
And that thou might their raptures feel!
Or could my guittar's whiſpering ſtrings
The tranſports of my heart reveal!

My thoughts alone, with fond delight,
About thy charms, ſtill wandering play;
Could once my wiſhes, in their flight,
But meet with thine upon the way!

Enter MR. LAMBERT, *in the uniform of a ſtable-Page.*

MR. LAMBERT.

I humbly beg your pardon for my intruſion, Madam;

Madam. I have heard ſome part of your ſong, and I wiſh it had been longer.

MRS. CONRADE.

You are very obliging, Sir. Do you want my huſband, Sir?

MR. LAMBERT.

Madam, ſince I have had the good fortune of meeting with you, I do not want any body elſe.

MRS. CONRADE. [*Gravely.*

What can be your buſineſs with me, Sir?

MR. LAMBERT.

I aſk you a thouſand pardons, Madam, if I have given you any offence; but you will permit me to explain myſelf. I am in ſearch of a lodging for a lady.

MRS. CONRADE.

We don't recieve any ladies who are introduced by young gentlemen, Sir.

MR. LAMBERT.

Then ſhe is very unhappy in giving me ſuch a commiſſion, Madam. I ſhould have been very glad to place her in a houſe where there was a lady, and a lady of that ſweet temper and ſuch a charming character as I am ſure you muſt have, Madam, if ever the eyes were a mirrour of the ſoul.

MRS. CONRADE.

You may be miſtaken, Sir.

MR. LAMBERT.

Not in this inſtance, I hope, Madam. And you know,

know, there are a thouſand occaſions that a lady may be glad to have a perſon of her own ſex to confer with. You ſeem to me ſo very ſenſible, Madam, that I would recommend her to your friendſhip, and to your particular care.

MRS. CONRADE.

Thank you, Sir. You are giving me there a very honourable employment.

MR. LAMBERT.

And ſo I hope, Madam.

MRS. CONRADE.

What? to be the Duenna of any of your ladies?

MR. LAMBERT.

I don't know what you mean, Madam. That lady I am ſpeaking of, is my mother.

MRS. CONRADE.

Your mother, Sir?

MR. LAMBERT.

Yes, my mother, Madam; and the beſt, the fondeſt of mothers.

MRS. CONRADE.

That alters the caſe, Sir. To be ſure I ſhall be glad to receive her, if I can accommodate her to her wiſhes.

MR. LAMBERT.

Oh! Madam, that will be very eaſy. My mother has always reſided in the country; ſhe is not fond of ſhow; the ſmalleſt apartment in your houſe,

if it is only neat and commodious, will be the moſt agreeable to her. I don't know if my ſiſter accompanies my mother to town, but that will make no difference; one or two chambers will be ſufficient.

MRS. CONRADE.

There will be no want of that, Sir. They ſhall have the beſt apartments in the houſe; and beſides, rooms for the ſervants.

MR. LAMBERT.

My mother will have but one ſingle maid-ſervant with her. There are reaſons, Madam, why ſhe muſt, for the preſent, lead a very private life; and ſhe would be lodged accordingly. You may learn thoſe reaſons from herſelf, Madam. I could not tell you them without being too much affected. [*He wipes his eyes with his handkerchief.*] I muſt leave you, Madam. [*Taking her hand.*] Dear Madam, take care of my mother! May I depend upon your goodneſs, Madam?

MRS. CONRADE.

[*Mr. Conrade appears.*

I'll do all in my power to oblige you, Sir.

MR. LAMBERT.

I thank you a thouſand times! I thank you, my deareſt Madam! then I am quite happy.

[*Exit.*

Enter

Enter MR. CONRADE.

[*A large white perewig, an old-fashioned coat with hanging sleeves, and a long silk waistcoat with large flowers.*

I beg your pardon, Madam; I disturb you in the midst of a charming conversation.

MRS. CONRADE.

Yes, Sir, to be sure, a very interesting one.

MR. CONRADE.

May I take the liberty to ask, Madam, who was this young gentleman?

MRS. CONRADE.

I don't know, Sir. I never saw him before.

MR. CONRADE.

And yet, you have already rendered him quite happy, Madam?

MRS. CONRADE.

How then, Sir?

MR. CONRADE.

Did he not tell you so, squeezing your hand, and with a most tender look?

MRS. CONRADE. [*Laughing.*

To be sure, Sir, you won't grow jealous?

MR. CONRADE.

Don't laugh, Madam. If I am jealous, I certainly have reason to be so.

MRS. CONRADE.

What, on a child, Sir?

MR. CONRADE.

A child as much as you pleaſe, Madam; but a ſoon as he is of age enough to make love to a lady, a huſband is by no means obliged to ſuffer any of his childiſh tricks, I'll aſſure you—you underſtand me, Madam.

MRS. CONRADE.

Are you in earneſt, Mr. Conrade?

MR. CONRADE.

Yes, Madam; and ſo I wiſh you ſhould be with me. Can you deny that he is in love with you? can you?

MRS. CONRADE.

Nothing but his innocence could make it appear ſo.

MR. CONRADE.

The innocence of a page? Sure, Madam, you ſhould be very innocent yourſelf to believe it. But ſuppoſing that to be the caſe, Madam, let me tell you, that the innocence of thoſe young gentlemen is very like that of a kitten. They are playing and fondling about you, with the greateſt harmleſſneſs in the world, till they give you a ſcratch that will prove they are not ſo harmleſs; and ſo theſe gentlemen, from one innocent ſtep to another, they at laſt may come to ſomething that you muſt allow is far from being innocent. Take care, my dear.

MRS.

MRS. CONRADE.

I am very much obliged to you, Sir, for your good inſtructions; but I aſſure you moſt ſeriouſly there is no occaſion for them at preſent. Come, my dear Mr. Conrade, I'll tell you all at breakfaſt; and if you are chearful, I'll do my beſt to pleaſe you with my new ſong.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

The Scene continues the ſame.

MRS. LAMBERT, MISS JENNY, [*both dreſt with Taſte and Neatneſs, but with the moſt remarkable Simplicity. The former in light Mourning.*] MRS. CONRADE. [*They are coming out from a chamber.*]

MRS. CONRADE.

WITH that bed chamber, Madam, you alſo have the uſe of this room; and though it muſt be in common with me, no other ſhall enter into it but thoſe you are pleaſed to receive.

MRS. LAMBERT.

I thank you, my dear Mrs. Conrade; but you have told me nothing about the price?

MRS. CONRADE,

That we ſhall eaſily agree upon, if I am ſo happy, Madam, as to render your ſtay with us agreeable to you.

MRS. LAMBERT.

You are very obliging, Madam; but I ſhould be glad to know what obligations I am laying myſelf under.

MRS. CONRADE.

Your ſon told me, Madam, that you had reaſons, for the preſent, to live in a very private manner.

MRS.

MRS. LAMBERT.

The dear child! [*ſighing*] Yes, ſurely, I have, Madam.

MRS. CONRADE.

And the terms will be accordingly, Madam; but for to fix any ſum, I muſt conſult my huſband. In the mean time conſider yourſelf as on a viſit to a friend who will take your ſtay with her as an honour; and if I may not be thought too forward, Madam, I ſhall aſk the favour of your dining with us to-day, till our agreement be ſettled.

MRS. LAMBERT.

I don't know how to anſwer to ſo much politeneſs, Madam. I muſt own I ſhould be very glad to ſtay with you; and if the conditions are in my power——But now, to ſay the truth, I rather want ſome reſt than a dinner. I fear I ſhall delay your uſual hour of dining, Madam.

MRS. CONRADE.

The time ſhall be at your command, Madam.

MRS. LAMBERT.

But won't you rather excuſe me, Madam?

MRS. CONRADE.

Then I find I have been too bold.

MRS. LAMBERT.

[*Embracing her.*

No, my dear Madam. I ſhall be very glad to keep you company; but then, you muſt awake me, ſhould I happen to be aſleep.

MRS

MRS. CONRADE.

I thank you, Madam, for your obliging condeſcenſion. I wiſh you a good repoſe, Madam. [*Exit.*

MRS. LAMBERT.

I would not diſoblige her, particularly as this lodging is very convenient to me, in the neceſſity I am under of being concealed, till my ſon can procure me an opportunity of ſpeaking with the King. Should the miniſter get notice of my being in town, I am ſure he would do every thing in his power to exclude me from the royal preſence, though granted to almoſt every other petitioner; and after having deprived me of my right, he would, perhaps, for to clear himſelf, caſt ſome ſhade upon my character.

MISS JENNY.

But, my deareſt mama, what can you have done to him that he ſhould be your enemy to ſuch a degree?

MRS. LAMBERT.

What have I done to him? No, my deareſt Jenny, 'tis not for my own ſake I have his hatred; my fault is that I am the widow of an officer who ſcorned miniſterial protection, and never courted fortune but by doing his duty. Known and eſteemed by his ſovereign, he was employed on every occaſion where a man of courage and experience was wanted, and he commanded already a regiment, at an age wherein few of his equals are truſted with a company; but while the King advanced him in honorary employments, the miniſter was very careful to exclude him from all profitable poſts,

poſts, ſo that at his death I could ſcarce afford to ſatisfy his creditors. An unhappy law-ſuit, you know, diſpoſſeſſed me of your father's family-eſtate. The penſion generally granted to the widows of brave officers was my only hope; but under pretence that the liſt of penſions is already too much charged, the miniſter has refuſed accepting my petition. I won't treſpaſs any longer on your brother's generoſity in depriving himſelf of the enjoyment of his ſalary for my ſupport. I have reſolved to apply to the King, and am confident he will do me juſtice.

MISS JENNY.

I wiſh, my deareſt mother, that heaven may alleviate your cares, in bleſſing you with good ſucceſs.

MRS. LAMBERT.

I ſhould now be glad to get a moment's reſt. Come, Jenny, you may need it as well as I. Some body is coming; let us make haſte. [*Exeunt.*

Enter MR. LAMBERT, *in a Riding Dreſs.*

My dear mother! I am once more ſo happy as to be under the ſame roof with you! Here is then your chamber? If I did not fear to diſturb your reſt—but I muſt ſee her before I part. Ah! would the King had choſen ſome other to go with his letter that I might have paſſed this day in my dear mother's company! but to be ſure I ſhall return as ſpeedily as poſſible.

Enter BARON AMSDORFF.

At laſt, my dear Lambert, I have found thee out. I followed thee at a diſtance till I ſaw thee get in at this houſe. A handſome young lady refuſed me entrance, ſo thou muſt excuſe my claiming the title of thy brother for to get admittance.

MR. LAMBERT.

To be ſure you did me honour, Baron Amſdorff; but to be ſincere, I ſhould be very much obliged to you if you would leave me for the preſent.

BARON AMSDORFF.

I beg your pardon, Sir. I thought you incapable of treating a friend in ſuch a manner. You know how much I reſpect your mother; to what a degree I value your ſiſter; and yet you can refuſe me the ſatisfaction of ſeeing them?

MR. LAMBERT.

Who told you they are in town, Sir?

BARON AMSDORFF.

No, for heaven's ſake, don't treat me in ſuch an unfriendly manner. Call me thy dear Amſdorff, as before. What have I done to render myſelf unworthy of that familiarity thou has honoured me with to this day?

MR. LAMBERT.

Well, then, my deareſt Amſdorff, as a friend, thou muſt not preſs me too far. I have not told thee that my mother is in town; hence thou muſt conclude

conclude, that if ſhe is, ſhe would have it kept a ſecret; and ſo, don't pretend I ſhould betray my mother.

BARON AMSDORFF.

But when I tell thee, my deareſt friend, that I know it already then 'tis not betraying her, I hope?

MR. LAMBERT.

But 'tis impoſſible thou couldſt know it, Pray, has the miſtreſs of this houſe told thee ſo?

BARON AMSDORFF.

No matter who told me. 'Tis enough, I am informed.

MR. LAMBERT.

If you wiſh me to be ſincere with you, you muſt tell me how you came by your information.

BARON AMSDORFF.

Well then—but thou muſt forgive me—perhaps I have been guilty of an indiſcretion—but 'twas rather by accident than by any formed deſign of mine—but promiſe me thou will forgive me.

MR. LAMBERT.

But tell me then—What can be the matter?

BARON AMSDORFF.

Haſt thou not loſt any thing to-day?

MR. LAMBERT.

No! Not that I know of.

BARON AMSDORFF.

Some letter?

MR. LAMBERT.

What? The letter of my mother? [*Searching with eagerneſs in his pockets.*] To be ſure I muſt have it.—Is it poſſible I ſhould have loſt it!

BARON AMSDORFF.

Here it is.

MR. LAMBERT.

[*Looking on the letter, then kiſſing it.*

Thank you, my deareſt friend! Where did you find it?—But I am ſure you did not read it?

BARON AMSDORFF.

I could eaſily tell thee ſo—but I'd rather be ſincere with a friend.

MR. LAMBERT.

You could not be capable of ſuch a diſhoneſty, Sir.

BARON AMSDORFF.

You muſt hear me before you condemn me. I ſaw you two or three times take up a letter, read it with the utmoſt ſatisfaction, and then put it in your boſom. As we all of us believe you have ſome women with whom you ſpend your money, I made no doubt but it was a billet-doux from one of them. And as young people are curious upon ſuch ſubjects, I was very glad when I ſaw you drop it in changing cloaths. You had no ſooner left the room than I opened it with great eagerneſs; but I ſoon found my miſtake; and penetrated with the greateſt ſenſibility for the diſtreſs of your worthy mother, making no doubt but ſhe was already in town, I followed you for to find her out.

MR.

MR. LAMBERT.

'Tis very ſingular of you, Baron Amſdorff, thus to intrude into the ſecrets of a family. After this I muſt either regard you as my beſt friend, or my moſt dangerous enemy.

BARON AMSDORFF.

Surely you wrong me, Lambert, if you look upon me in any other light than that of a tender brother. As ſuch I may be admitted to partake thy dutiful care of the beſt of mothers; and that thy means may anſwer to thy noble and generous intentions, thou muſt receive theſe fifty Louis d'ors for the preſent; I ſhall ſoon be able to offer thee a greater ſum.

MR. LAMBERT.

I thank you, Baron Amſdorff; but I have no occaſion for your money. If by unfair means you have got notice of the circumſtances of our family, you ought not to take advantage from ſuch a knowledge for to treat us with contempt.

BARON AMSDORFF.

With contempt? Good God! Is it poſſible thus to miſconſtrue the cordial offers of a friend? 'tis rather you that are ſhewing contempt to me.

MR. LAMBERT.

But when I tell you, my mother wants nothing but what I am able to ſupply her with of my own—

BARON AMSDORFF.

But by refuſing yourſelf all the comforts and almoſt the neceſſities of life.

MR.

MR. LAMBERT.

That regards nobody, Baron Amſdorff. Thoſe ſacrifices are delicious when they are made for the beſt of parents. Would you deprive me of ſuch a pleaſure?

BARON AMSDORFF.

And will you envy me the ſatisfaction of partaking it? If you are ſo cruel as to reject my offers, to be ſure your mother will be more reaſonable. When I tell her the wants you ſuffer yourſelf, and the ſuſpicions you are drawing upon your morals, I am certain ſhe will rather accept my ſervices than your's.

MR. LAMBERT.

So then you would be capable, Sir, of betraying to my mother, that, by an unpardonable negligence, I have diſcovered to you what ſhe would have concealed to all?

BARON AMSDORFF.

No, my deareſt Lambert, I won't betray thee. But, I beſeech thee, don't deſpiſe my friendly offers—I conjure thee—at thy feet!

LAMBERT,

[*Taking him up in his arms.*

No, dear friend! by all that is ſacred—my refuſal is not owing to contempt—I know all the value of the gifts of friendſhip. I'll accept the offer whenever I may ſtand in need of it.

BARON AMSDORFF.

Then, it is now, or it ſhall be never. Pray, do oblige me!

MR.

MR. LAMBERT.

No, dear Baron, for the preſent, you muſt excuſe me. I beg you ſeriouſly——

BARON AMSDORFF.

Then, Sir, I muſt tell you, I can bear contempt no more than you. I have been at your feet, Sir, and you have looked down with diſdain upon my humble prayers. I can bear it no longer, Sir! you muſt give me ſatisfaction, Sir.

MR. LAMBERT.

With all my heart, Sir. As I told you, I muſt either have in you a friend or a capital enemy. Well then, as you chooſe the latter——

BARON AMSDORFF.

'Tis you, Sir, who have made the choice. For my part——

MR. LAMBERT.

Now 'tis no retracting, Sir. The word is dropt; then think on your defence, Sir.

[*They pull out their ſwords, and begin to fight.*]

Enter MRS. CONRADE.

God bleſs me! what are you about, gentlemen? I beſeech you; not in my houſe—

MR. LAMBERT.

I aſk your pardon, Madam—I have been forced—but I conjure you, Madam, let this be a ſecret—

BARON

BARON AMSDORFF.

No matter—'tis only for ſport, Madam. Come, Sir, we may ſoon find another place.

MRS. CONRADE.

[*To Mr. Lambert.*

One word with you, Sir.

MR. LAMBERT.

That will be for another occaſion, Madam.

[*Exeunt Lambert and Amſdorff.*

MRS. CONRADE.

Theſe young gentlemen's ſports commonly end in quarrels. I wiſh there may be no miſchief. Holla! Is any body there?

Enter MASTER, *with meaſured Steps.*

Yes, Madam.

MRS. CONRADE.

Pray, go look after the young gentlemen juſt going out from hence. 'Tis two of the King's pages. You may know them by their uniforms. You muſt follow them unperceived, and ſeparate them if they are going to fight.

MASTER.

It is two young gentlemen, you ſay, Madam?

MRS. CONRADE.

Yes.

MASTER.

Well, Madam. Two of the King's pages, you ſay, Madam?

MRS.

MRS. CONRADE.

Yes.

MASTER.

Well, Madam. They are quarrelling you ſay, Madam?

MRS. CONRADE.

Yes, I tell you.

MASTER.

Well, Madam. And I ſhall ſeparate them, you ſay, Madam?

MRS. CONRADE.

Yes, and be gone, then.

MASTER.

And ſo I will, Madam. But one muſt firſt know what one is going about, you know, Madam; and then, your ſervant, Madam. [*Exit.*

MRS. CONRADE.

'Tis the moſt awkward and tedious fellow I ever ſaw in my life.

MASTER.

[*Coming back again.*

But, Madam, if the two gentlemen don't quarrel at all, then I ſhall not interpoſe, Madam?

MRS. CONRADE.

Are you not gone yet? then you may as well let it alone. They may have cut their throats a thouſand times before you can come up with them.

MASTER.

Not ſo many times, neither, Madam. I am now going

going, and I'll be with them in a few minutes; and ſo your ſervant, Madam. Is there any thing elſe, Madam?

MRS. CONRADE.

No! [*Angrily.*

MASTER.

Shall I not bring you word after having ſeparated the two gentlemen, Madam?

MRS. CONRADE.

That you ſhould know without my telling you. I'll be out of my wits. Be gone then!

MASTER.

And ſo I do, Madam. Your ſervant, Madam. [*Exit.*

MRS. CONRADE.

Was there ever a greater blockhead! I am quite in a paſſion. [*She goes out and comes back again.*] I had almoſt forgot. [*She knocks at the door of Mrs. Lambert.*] Ladies! ladies!

Enter MRS. LAMBERT, *and* MISS JENNY.

MRS. CONRADE,

I beg your pardon, ladies.

MRS. LAMBERT.

Your ſervant, Madam.

MRS. CONRADE.

Dinner is ready, Madam. May it be convenient to you to take it now?

MRS.

MRS. LAMBERT.

As it is agreeable to you, Madam.

MRS. CONRADE.

Then, with your permiſſion, it ſhall be brought in preſently. [*Exit.*

MISS JENNY.

So you could not get any ſleep, mama?

MRS. LAMBERT.

I long ſo much to ſee your brother; I can get no reſt before.

MISS JENNY.

I do really wonder he has not been here already.

Enter MR. *and* MRS. CONRADE.

MRS. CONRADE.

May I have the honour to preſent my huſband to you, ladies?

MRS. LAMBERT.

Your ſervant, Mr. Conrade.

MR. CONRADE.

Your moſt humble ſervant, ladies. I am very glad to ſee you in my houſe. 'Tis the firſt day I live in it myſelf, Madam; and your company will be a good omen.

MRS. LAMBERT.

You are very obliging, Mr. Conrade. I wiſh you very much proſperity in your new abode, Sir.

[*Two ſervants bring in the table.*

MR.

MR. CONRADE.

I thank you, Madam; but your good wiſh will have a better effect when you ſhall be pleaſed to renew it over a glaſs of good wine, Madam.—Bring the chairs; and then you may ſtay without till called for. [*To the ſervants.*

MRS. CONRADE.

Pleaſe to be ſeated ladies. [*They all ſit down at table.*] What do you prefer, ladies? May I help you to ſomething of this diſh, Madam?

MRS. LAMBERT.

I thank you, Madam.

MRS. CONRADE.

And you, Miſs?

MISS JENNY.

If you pleaſe, Madam.

MRS. CONRADE.

You, Mr. Conrade?

MR. CONRADE.

Yes, Madam. Are the ladies ſerved to their wiſhes?

MRS. LAMBERT.

Yes, Sir; perfectly ſo.

MR. CONRADE.

I always leave the care of the diſhes to Mrs. Conrade; but the glaſſes are my department. If you pleaſe, Madam, we ſhall begin with a glaſs of Burgundy.

MRS.

MRS. LAMBERT.

I ſeldom drink wine, Sir.

MR. CONRADE.

You muſt do me the favour to taſte it, Madam. Without vanity, I believe nobody in town can have it better.

MRS. LAMBERT

Receives the glaſs.

To oblige you, Sir.

MR. CONRADE.

And you, Miſs?

MISS JENNY.

I beg to be excuſed.

MR. CONRADE.

And I beg not to be refuſed, Madam.

MRS. LAMBERT.

You muſt taſte it for to keep me company.

MR. CONRADE.

As to you, my dear, I know what you like beſt. But to encourage the ladies, you muſt favour me with ſome merry ſong or other.

MRS. CONRADE.

As to merry ſongs, to be ſure I have none, Sir.

MR. CONRADE.

Oh! to be ſure you have; but, to put you in the way, I will give you the example. You'll permit, ladies?

MRS.

MRS. LAMBERT.

With all my heart; provided it be not too merry.

MR. CONRADE.

I hope not, Madam. You may judge yourſelf.
[*Taking a glaſs.*

Wine is like a lively laſs,
Her friendly ſmiles in charming bluſhes glowing;
Near a beauty and a glaſs,
An honeſt heart is overflowing.
To a maid,
Lovely, loving, faithful,
Shan't be ſaid
I ever prov'd ungrateful;
Nor was found a ſhrinking
From a hearty drinking,
In an hour of leiſure
Left to friends and pleaſure.

Wine is like a lively laſs
Her friendly ſmiles in charming bluſhes glowing;
Near a beauty and a glaſs
An honeſt heart is overflowing.

But every fair who charms my eyes
And keeps my tender flame in contribution,
If void of faith; then all our ties
May end into a ſpeedy DISSOLUTION.
Like genuine wine that cheers the mind
If not the maid be true and kind,
If I am wrong'd in my affection,
I'll place it better in a NEW ELECTION.

Wine is like a lively laſs
Her friendly ſmiles in charming bluſhes glowing;
Near a beauty and a glaſs
An honeſt heart is overflowing.

And ſo, your health, ladies.

MRS.

MRS. LAMBERT.

I thank you, Sir, both for the health and the ſong.

MR. CONRADE.

It is now your turn, my dear.

Enter MASTER.

I am come to bring you word, Madam, that for aught I know, one of the gentlemen may be killed, Madam.

MRS. CONRADE.

Huſh!—

MR. CONRADE.

What's the matter?

MASTER.

I muſt tell my errand, Madam; for I have yet much buſineſs to be done for my maſter; ſo when I went out, I ſaw a ſhadow of them as they turned round the corner of the ſtreet. I followed as faſt as I could, you may believe, and was very near to overtake them; but before I was aware, they ſlipt into the King's ſtable, and there I was not permitted to enter, you know; and ſo I waited ſome time at the door. At laſt I ſaw the younger one come out on horſeback. He bid one of the grooms make ſpeed to bring a ſurgeon, and afterwards to go to Mr. Conrade's, and aſk for a lady lately come into town, and tell her that Mr. Lam—Lambert, I think, was gone upon an errand for the King; but he ſeverely forbid him to tell any thing about Baron—Amſdorff, I believe it was; and ſo he darted away, as you ſee a lightning.

MRS. LAMBERT.

Ah! [*Fainting.*

MISS

MISS JENNY.

[*Wiping her eyes.*

My poor Brother!

MR. CONRADE.

Hartſhorn! water!

[*They are all buſy about Mrs. Lambert to bring her to her ſenſes.*]

MRS. LAMBERT.

[*Opening her eyes.*

My ſon! my ſon!

MISS JENNY.

My dear mother, be comforted. When I reflect upon it, to be ſure it muſt be ſome miſtake. If Baron Amſdorff is killed, it could never be by my brother's hand. You know they were always the beſt friends.

MRS. CONRADE.

What your ſon may have done, Madam, I dare aſſure you it has only been in his own defence. He came hither to pay you his reſpects, Madam. The other gentleman followed him very cloſe, and gained admiſſion by aſſuring me he was brother to the former.

MRS. LAMBERT.

A brother! and ſo he might have been, perhaps. Poor Jenny!

[*Miſs Jenny puts her handkerchief to her eyes.*]

MRS. CONRADE.

And then they had not been a long while together, Madam, before I heard the claſhing of their ſwords

ſwords. I went in haſte to ſeparate them. The Baron told me it was only for ſport, but obliged your ſon to go along with him. So you find, Madam, that the other has been the aggreſſor. I am ready to atteſt it before all the courts of juſtice in the kingdom.

MR. CONRADE.

And ſo am I. Though I have not ſeen it myſelf, it is enough that my wife tells me ſo. I am always ready to ſwear upon her words.

MRS. LAMBERT.

Upon your words, Madam, I may be entitled to hope the King's mercy for my ſon. Not later than to-morrow, I ſhall throw myſelf at his majeſty's feet. I'll go immediately and write the petition.

MR. CONRADE.

I beg your pardon, Madam. Your name is Lambert, Madam? Was you a relation to the late Mr. Lambert at Averſpurg, Madam?

MRS. LAMBERT.

Yes, Sir. I am a widow of his ſon, the General.

MR. CONRADE.

Then you are living at Averſpurg, Madam?

MRS. LAMBERT.

No, Sir. I am deprived of that eſtate by a lawſuit with a diſtant relation of my huſband's.

MR. CONRADE.

Deprived? How ſo, Madam?

MRS. LAMBERT.

Becauſe I could not prove my better right to it. There were no papers——

MR. CONRADE.

God bleſs me, Madam! what do you tell me?

MRS. LAMBERT.

May I then rely upon your teſtimony, Madam?

MRS. CONRADE.

Certainly, Madam.

MR. CONRADE.

Yes, Madam, you ſhall certainly gain your cauſe, and perhaps more. If we had not ſo good and juſt a ſovereign, I ſhould apply to my friends at court, and to be ſure they ſhould ſerve you, Madam, ſhould it coſt me half the amount of my bills.

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT III.

The Stage repreſents a Room in the Royal Palace. It is Night.

Enter MR. LAMBERT, *in his Riding Dreſs.*

THE King is yet aſleep. 'Tis but paſt three o'clock; then it will be one hour before he riſes. I muſt ſtay to deliver my meſſage, that I may afterwards be at liberty to take ſome reſt, till my mother ſhall be awake. Now I begin to feel that I am greatly fatigued by making ſo much ſpeed. [*He ſits down upon a chair by the table.*] But I am glad that I am now here, and may ſoon be with my mother—my dear mother! Could I but find ſome favorable occaſion to procure her an interview with the King—[*yawns.*] Perhaps I may find him alone this morning, in delivering my letter; if he looks eaſy and ſatisfied with the meſſage, to be ſure I ſhan't loſe the opportunity. [*He takes out the letter from his pocket, and looks on it.*] This letter then ſhall make my day happy or unhappy! I wiſh the contents may be agreeable to the King. [*He puts the letter upon the table.*] I ſhan't miſs the moment. [*Yawning.*] The time goes on very ſlow, How tedious it is to wait! [*He falls aſleep.*]

Enter the KING,* *with a candle in his hand.*

He croſſes the Stage, as if looking for ſomebody, then comes back again.

Nobody is yet ſtirring. I have riſen this morning earlier than uſual. [*Putting the candle upon the chimney and feeling in his pockets.*] What letters did I receive yeſterday? [*He takes up ſome letters and looks upon the ſeals.*] Oh! that's from my phyſician! He is always giving me advice when I don't aſk for it; but to be ſure he miſſes no opportunity of having it well paid. [*Looks upon another letter.*] From the treaſurer! ſome new taxes again, I warrant, though he always boaſts his œconomy. [*Looks upon another.*] This I don't know. [*He opens the letter and reads.*] Ha! a clergyman ſuing for a living, though I well remember he has got two or three before. I wiſh I could learn theſe gentlemen a little of the moderation they are preaching to others. [*Looks upon another letter.*] This from the prime-miniſter. That I won't open in a fortnight. His pride wants ſome little mortification. I'll ſoon ſhew him he is not the only perſon of abilities in the country. [*Looks upon another.*] Again from a clergyman, I believe. [*Opens it and reads.*] No, 'tis from a widow, who demands ſome part of the income from her deceaſed huſband's living, for the education of her children. Though it is not a lawful right, yet it appears to be juſt, and I'll give orders accordingly. [*He goes up to the table.*] What is here? to be ſure he ſleeps better than I. [*He fetches the candle.*] Ah, 'tis Lam-

* He wears his uſual uniform, with his hat, ſword, and boots.

bert

bert already back again; and here is the letter he has brought. 'Tis a good meſſenger; he deſerves to be undiſturbed in his ſleep. 'Tis a pity his morals are ſo bad. [*He ſits down and reads.*] Good news—very well. [*He puts the letter in his boſom.*] But I muſt not forget the widow. [*Takes paper and writes, then cloſes up the letter.*] Now they have left me no ſealing-wax. Somebody muſt be awake.

[*He takes the candle and goes out, but ſoon comes back again, followed by Baron Amſdorff.*

THE KING.

I thought you were not well, Baron Amſdorff: I aſked for you yeſterday in the evening, and was told you were confined to your chamber.

BARON AMSDORFF.

I moſt humbly beg your majeſty's pardon for my being abſent; but an accident——

THE KING.

That demanded the aſſiſtance of a ſurgeon, Sir?

BARON AMSDORFF.

Since your majeſty is informed, I will not plead my excuſe. I own myſelf guilty of having been the aggreſſor, and only beg mercy for my antagoniſt.

THE KING.

Who was your antagoniſt, Sir? What is become of him? I am informed of nothing, Sir. Tell me the truth; you'll but be the worſe by concealing it.

BARON AMSDORFF.

Is it not enough that I own myſelf guilty, without

out being obliged to betray another? Sure, your majeſty will excuſe me.

THE KING.

I like thoſe ſentiments. But you look upon me as your judge, not your friend, Baron Amſdorff. If the fault can be kept ſecret, it is beneath your ſovereign to be the accuſer. I ever forgive, when it is in my power. Now you know my mind, Sir, and may keep your ſecret, if you pleaſe.

BARON AMSDORFF.

[*Throwing himſelf at the King's feet.*

No, Sir, I have no ſecret to your majeſty. My antagoniſt was Mr. Lambert. I received a ſlight wound in the arm; but he was perfectly unhurt.

THE KING.

Ha! ha! then it muſt have been upon the account of ſome woman. Take care, Sir; for your own ſake I ſhould not wiſh you ſhould be ſo much addicted to that folly, as every body tells me is the caſe with poor Lambert.

BARON AMSDORFF.

May it pleaſe your majeſty, I am fully perſuaded thoſe reports have very much wronged him. I have been myſelf one of thoſe who ſuſpected his morals from his being always in want; but as I am now informed of the reſpectable uſe he made of his money, I think it my duty to juſtify his character. His ſalary has been conſecrated to the ſupport of his mother, who had no fortune left her by her huſband.

THE

THE KING.

What do you tell me? A widow of the brave General Lambert in ſuch needy circumſtances? Why was I not informed of that before? Among all the pretended friends of that worthy man, none ever mentioned his widow to me.

BARON AMSDORFF.

She leads a very private life, with her only daughter, a young lady of uncommon beauty, and the moſt charming qualities.

THE KING.

You ſpeak of her with a warmth that makes me wonder you would have her brother for your enemy.

BARON AMSDORFF.

I can't deny that I do very much value the young lady, and would think myſelf happy by an alliance with ſo reſpectable a family, but their retired way of living makes it very difficult to get admittance. Mrs. Lambert would have her circumſtances a ſecret to all. Some knowledge I accidentally got of her diſtreſs, and my offers to relieve it, was the occaſion of my quarrel with her ſon, who thinks it beneath his mother to receive aſſiſtance from any body if not from her ſovereign.

THE KING.

But young Lambert never applied to me for his mother.

BARON AMSDORFF.

We all think it our duty never to trouble your majeſty with any petitions.

THE KING.

But there are exceptions; and I think myſelf very much obliged to you, Baron Amſdorff, for having furniſhed me with the occaſion of doing *my* duty. Let the Secretary of the War-department be informed that I wait for him. [*Exit Baron Amſdorff.* Poor Lambert, who has ſuffered want thyſelf for to ſuccour thy mother! 'Tis a worthy pleaſure to reimburſe thee. Theſe two hundred Louis d'ors ſhall make thy circumſtances eaſy for the preſent, and I ſhall not forget thee for the future. [*The King puts the roll into Mr. Lambert's pocket, and goes away with the candle. It is full day.*]

Enter BARON AMSDORFF.

The King is gone.—What? Lambert ſleeping? Is it poſſible he could be here, and I ſhould not remark him before? But the preſence of the King abſorbed all my attention. I wonder if the King did not obſerve him? To be ſure I muſt awake him. His majeſty may be here again.—Lambert! awake! Lambert!

MR. LAMBERT.

[*Starting up haſtily.*

Why, 'tis you, Baron Amſdorff. I am glad to ſee you ſo well. I hope you'll pardon me. We were both in fault.

BARON AMSDORFF.

But I the moſt. So let us mention it no more.

MR. LAMBERT.

I thank you for having rouſed me. I was ſo fatigued

fatigued that I fell aſleep. But now I muſt find the King; but—where is the letter? [*He ſearches in his pockets, and finds the roll of Louis d'ors.*] What is this? [*Opens the roll.*] I thank you, Baron Amſdorff; but I have told you before that I have no occaſion for your money; ſo you muſt permit me—

BARON AMSDORFF.

What money?

MR. LAMBERT.

The money you have put into my pocket, while I was aſleep.

BARON AMSDORFF.

The money I put into thy pocket? Sure thou muſt have dreamt it, Lambert.

MR. LAMBERT.

This money being really found in my pocket, is a proof it was no dream, Sir; and ſo you muſt take it.

BARON AMSDORFF.

I aſſure thee, Lambert, the money was not put there by me.

MR. LAMBERT.

Whence then could it come, Sir? Sure if I was accuſtomed to walk in my ſleep, you could perſuade me I had got it ſomewhere. I beg you, Baron Amſdorff, no ſuch tricks. Take your money, or we ſhall never be friends.

BARON AMSDORFF.

Upon my honour, Lambert, 'tis no money of mine.

MR.

MR. LAMBERT.

Upon my honour, Baron, you muſt take it, or—

Enter the KING.

You are ſpeaking pretty loud, gentlemen; you won't quarrel again, I hope.—I have forgiven you, Lambert, your extravagance of yeſterday; but I tell you, I ſhall forgive ſuch a thing no more. What are you diſputing about?

BARON AMSDORFF.

He accuſes me of having put money in his pocket, while he was aſleep; but in the preſence of your majeſty, I proteſt I have not.

LAMBERT,

And I proteſt I could get it no otherwiſe.

THE KING.

The money put into your pocket is your's, Sir, and I enjoin you to keep it. You muſt learn, Lambert, never to diſdain a friendly intention to ſerve you. Gratitude is a far nobler motive than the beſt intended pride.

MR. LAMBERT.

With all that, I muſt regard this moment's ſleep as the moſt unhappy accident in my life. I have been deprived of the letter I was charged with for your majeſty; and I ſuppoſe it has been taken by the ſame perſon who put the money into my pocket.

THE KING.

Your ſuppoſition may be very well founded, Lambert; but for to convince you it was not done with any unfriendly deſign, I'll tell you, the letter is come ſafe into my hands.

MR. LAMBERT.

Then I am very happy; if but your majeſty be pleaſed to forgive my fault in falling aſleep before I had brought my meſſage.

THE KING.

Nature has it's rights; and cannot always be overpowered by the ſtricteſt attention to our duty.

Enter a Page to the King.

Here is a petition from a widow lady, and ſome other perſons with her.

THE KING.

[*After having looked upon the paper.*

They may enter. [*Exit Page.*

MR. LAMBERT.

My mother being come alſo to town for to beg the favour of an audience, I humbly beſeech your majeſty——

Enter MRS. LAMBERT, MISS JENNY, MR. *and* MRS. CONRADE.

MR. LAMBERT.

Ah! my dear mother! 'tis you! And you, my dear

dear ſiſter!—I humbly beg your majeſty's pardon. Here is my dear mother and my ſiſter! I dare ſay they are worthy of your majeſty's kindneſs.

THE KING.

You have a dutiful and noble-ſpirited ſon, madam. You are ſupplicating for him; his pardon is already granted, Madam. Though I don't like violent ſpirits, one muſt make ſome allowance for youth, and perhaps too ſtrict notions of honour.

MRS. LAMBERT.

I am very happy that his ſovereign deigns to excuſe him; and I ſhould be perfectly ſo, if your majeſty did extend the royal mercy to his fellow-treſpaſſer.

THE KING.

I muſt think it very generous in you, Madam, to intereſt yourſelf merely for others, when I know you have great concerns of your own. But I will remember them for you, Madam. You muſt forgive me that I have ſo long neglected my duty to take care of the family of the brave General Lambert, but it is partly your own fault in not having put me in mind of it. There are ſo many who aſk for favours and recompences, that the ſovereign has ſeldom time to think on thoſe who don't preſent themſelves to claim their rights. You have a penſion, Madam, of two hundred Louis d'ors, reverſible to your daughter if ſhe lives ſingle. But if ſhe has not taken that reſolution, there is a certain young gentlemen I would recommend to her notice. [*Looking at Baron Amſdorff.*] Shall he be refuſed, Miſs

MISS

MISS JENNY.

I don't know; but I ſhould think myſelf very happy in having ſome occaſion to ſhew my obedience to your majeſty's commands.

THE KING.

Then you may hope, Baron Amſdorff; if my recommendation has the ſame weight with you, Madam,—[*To Mrs. Lambert*]—you may be ſure I ſhould not beſtow it but on a worthy object.

MRS. LAMBERT.

The care your majeſty is pleaſed to take of my family, cannot but make me very happy. Baron Amſdorff is not unknown to us—

THE KING.

Then you will permit me to regard the mattter as already agreed upon. And to give the bridegroom the prettier appearance at his wedding-day, he ſhall have one of the ſmarteſt uniforms in the army, with a company of dragoons.

BARON AMSDORFF.

Your majeſty's goodneſs—my warmeſt gratitude—

THE KING.

As to thee, Lambert, to begin with, thou ſhall have a ſtandard in my horſeguards; and I'll take care of thee for the future. Here is my hand upon it.

MR. LAMBERT.

[*Kiſſing the King's hand.*

My ſentiments find no expreſſion. Could your majeſty look into my heart—

THE

THE KING.

Oh! I know it. Thou art a worthy, generous boy.—You, good man, what is your petition?

MR. CONRADE.

God bleſs your majeſty! I have no petition for myſelf. I enjoy the protection your majeſty's bleſt reign affords to trade and honeſt induſtry, and I have proſpered in buſineſs to my utmoſt wiſhes. But the intereſt of this noble family affects me more than my own. I was formerly ſteward to the late General's father, God bleſs his ſoul! and a worthy gentleman he was. And, though I muſt ſay it myſelf, I behaved ſo well in my poſt, that after I had left his ſervice, and eſtabliſhed myſelf in this great and renowned city, I always was honoured with his confidence; and as in my youth I had been brought up an attorney, though a narrowneſs of conſcience hindered my ſucceeding in the buſineſs, yet I had ſeveral commiſſions for him in the courts of juſtice, and I dare ſay that my hand-writing, poor as it is, has been even under your majeſty's own royal eyes. To be ſure I don't mention that from any pride of mine, but only as an introduction for to tell how ſome family-papers belonging to my late maſter, God bleſs his memory! came, by his death, to be left in my hands; and as his ſon, the late General, was then in the army, and ſoon after died, he forgot to enquire after the papers, and I to reſtore them. Now the want of thoſe papers has been the only cauſe of his family's loſing the eſtate; for by them you may ſee their right is as clear as day-light; ſo I beg leave to depoſit them in your majeſty's own hands, for fear ſome attorney ſhould get hold of them before.

THE KING.

I'll take the papers, and peruſe them myſelf.—I ſhould be very glad, Madam, to find juſtice on your ſide.

MRS. LAMBERT.

It would be happy for my family; but as I had no notice of thoſe papers, I never hoped to gain the law-ſuit; when I gave up the eſtate to the truſtees, I thought it loſt for ever.

MR. CONRADE.

Now I may die in peace, ſince I have ſaved my conſcience. Now it will be your majeſty's fault, not mine, if the widow and the orphan are deprived of their rights.

THE KING.

It ſhall be my fault, indeed.—Now, Madam, it may be your turn. What is your petition?

MRS. CONRADE.

[*Embarraſſed.*

May it pleaſe your majeſty—

MR. CONRADE.

'Tis my wife, and may it pleaſe your majeſty, She has no petition that I know of, unleſs your majeſty, like God Almighty in the Old Teſtament, could bleſs her with ſome iſſue. Ha! ha! don't bluſh, my dear!—your majeſty will excuſe my freedom. She is very young for a wife, and ſo ſhe has a great deal of baſhfullneſs,—and go od nature too, She followed us to day to ſave this y oung gentleman by teſtifying his not having been the aggreſſor in the quarrel that happened in our houſe, if need ſhould be; and ſo ſhe is not totally an idle perſon upon

upon the ſtage, as one may ſay. I am alſo very glad of having her with me as much as poſſible. Firſt, becauſe I need not be aſhamed, I think, of producing her; and then, becauſe young women ſhould never be left to themſelves—becauſe—but your majeſty will know theſe matters better than I; therefore I aſk your majeſty's pardon; and ſo, God bleſs your majeſty.

THE KING.

[*Smiling.*

I thank you. [*To Mrs. Lambert.*] With all his talking, 'tis an honeſt, good fellow. Adieu, Madam; I wiſh I may have made you all as happy as I deſire you ſhould be. Adieu. [*Exit.*

MR. CONRADE.

And I take the liberty to invite you all, ladies and gentlemen, to the Engliſh Tavern, to drink the king's health, and wiſh joy to the happy young couple.

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FINIS.